THE BOY FRIENDS

Pendulum

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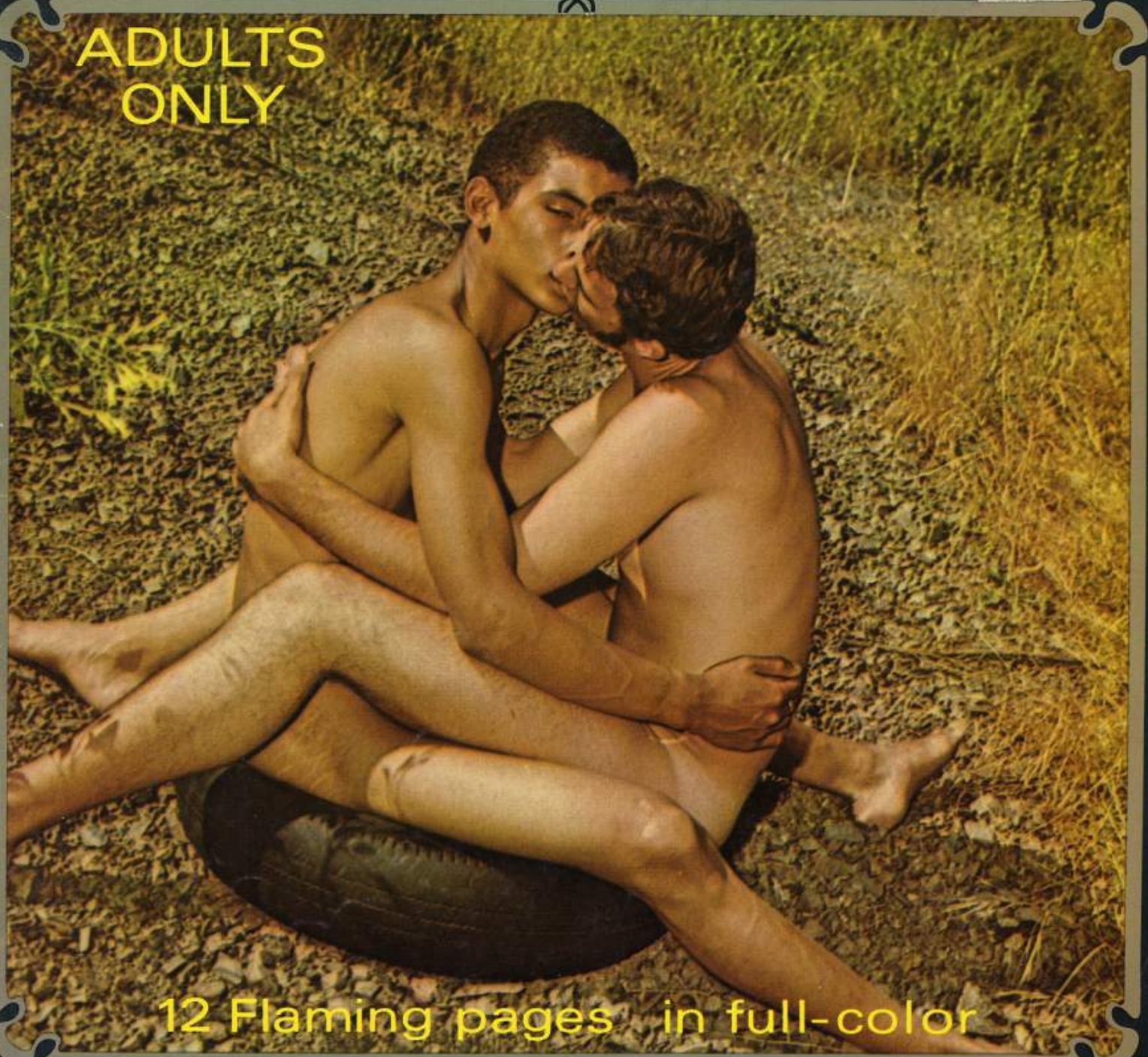
PACIFIC NEWS



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FEATURES

FRANK'S GOT THE URGE
LOVE IN A TREE
HOMOSEXUALITY IN ANCIENT GREECE (article)
ALONE AND BLUE
THE DIRTY OLD MAN IN THE PARK (fiction)
SOLDIER BOY
RUN AWAY LOVE

The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has found that the law "is not the only or necessarily the most effective way" to deal with pornography. The report recommends a massive and extensive sex education program to blunt the American's taste for smut and to forge an informed public consensus on the problem. This publication is published with the intention of disseminating all types of information concerning sexual mores and erotica for those mature adults who might be interested in furthering their own sex education and in helping themselves attain a more informed and rewarding sexual relationship.

EDITORIAL

Many psychologists today believe that the Oedipus Complex may be an integral factor in the development of a homosexual. Generally, this unconscious state in a boy—which initiates in him a desire to replace his father and thereby obtain the sexual affection of his mother—is thought to be a normal psychological process in the development of a healthy heterosexual male. As a rule, the Oedipus Complex is a development of the libido which resolves itself at about age seven in the child.

However, if the complex does not vanish, if the boy grows into adulthood still harboring within his psycho-sexual make-up a desire for his mother that does not find appropriate displacement in other females—then sexual peculiarities often result. Because the Superego will not tolerate the incestuous desire for the mother, the male may consider *all* women beyond his reach sexually. He may consider them too "pure" and "sacred" to engage them in a sexual encounter.

This psychological theory bears out under scrutiny. It is not at all uncommon for a homosexual to admit to a psychiatrist his still-lingering sexual affection for his mother. Often his "pure" and "sacred" view of other women disappears in adolescence after he has had a few disastrous experiences with the opposite sex. From then on he may even hold some animosity for all women except mother.

FEB./ MAR. 1971

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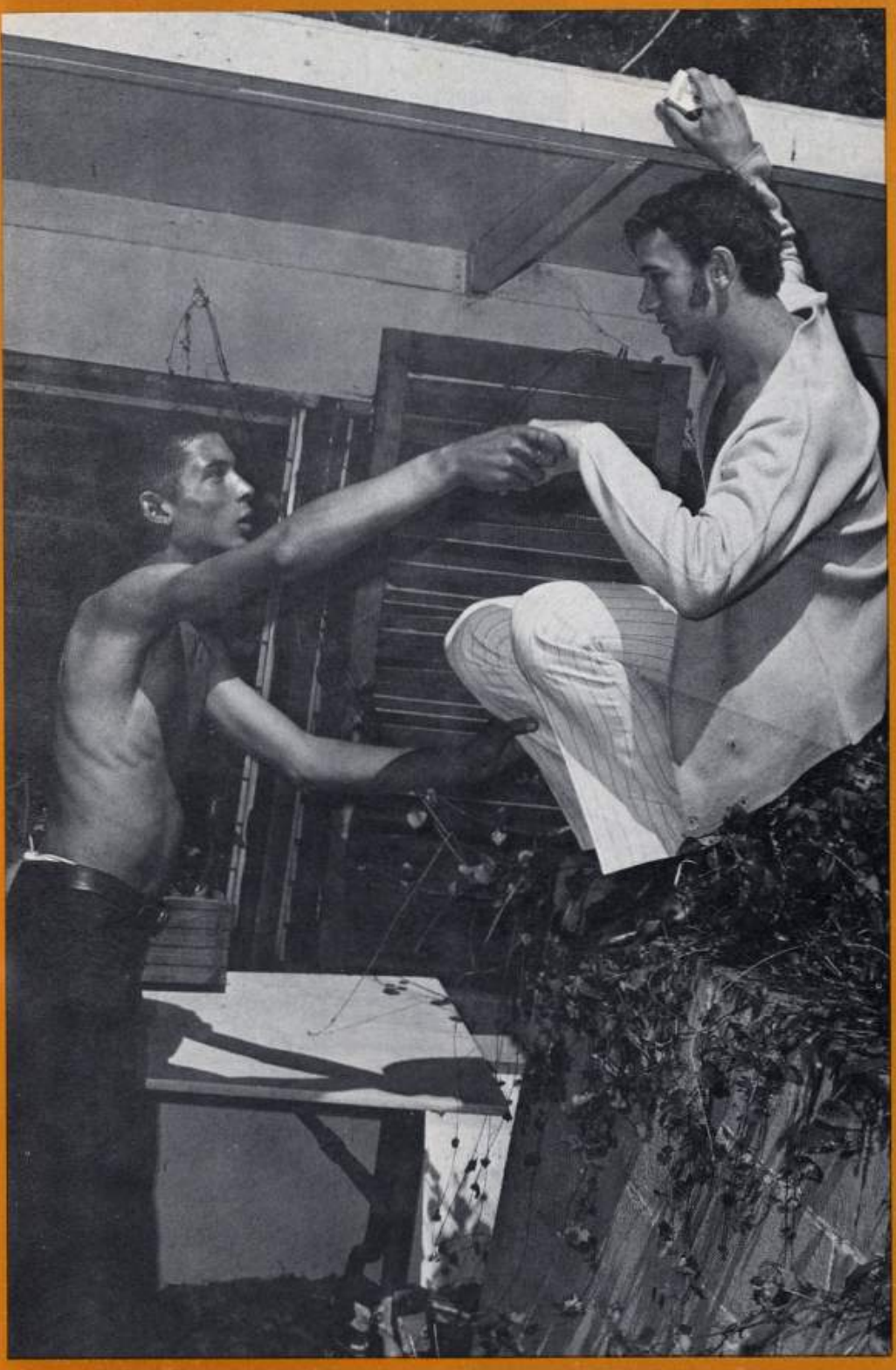

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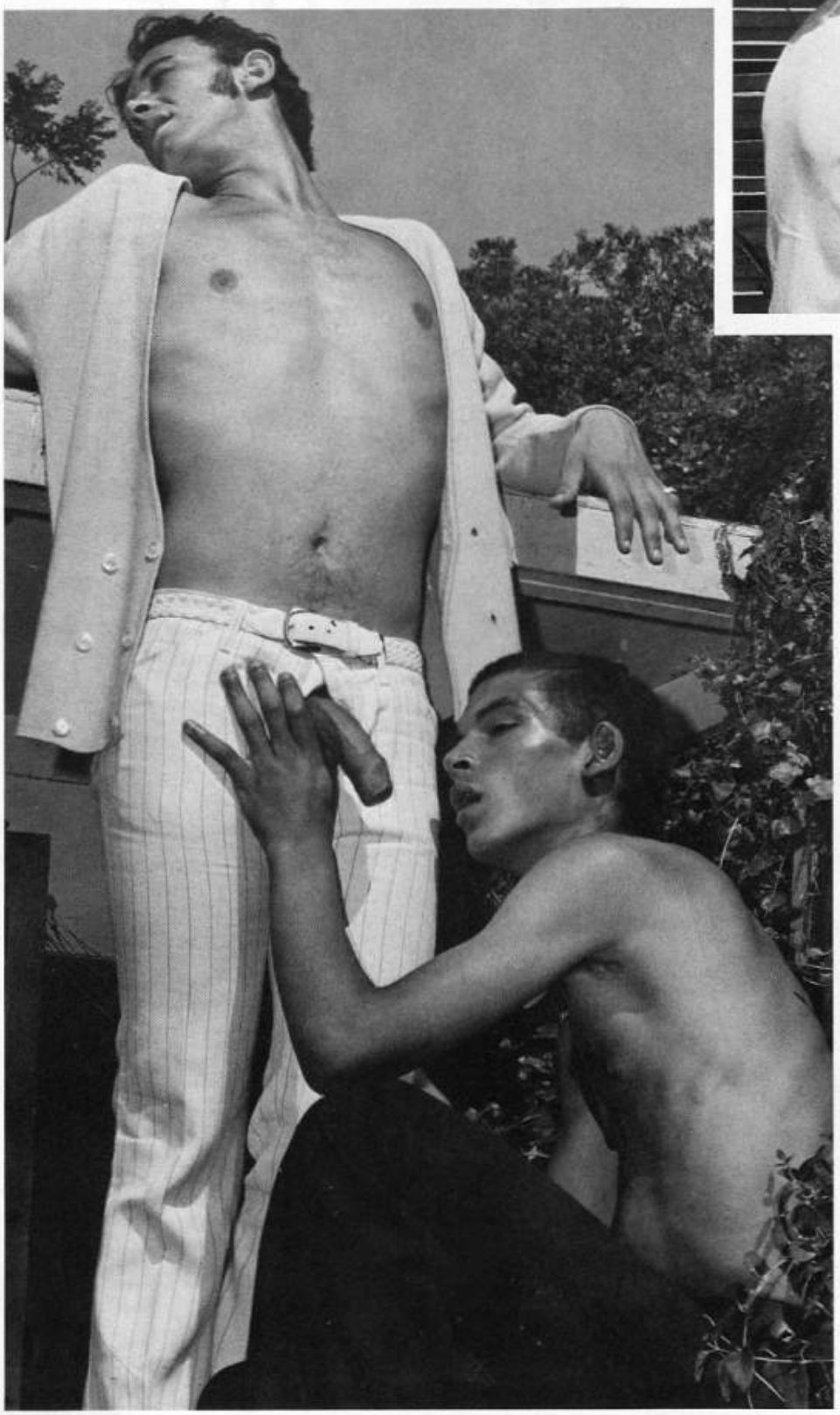
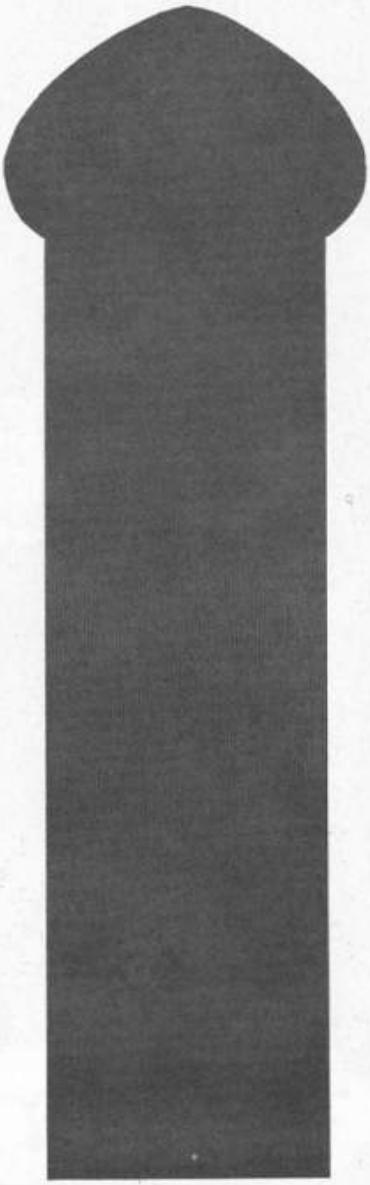
Frank's got the urge

FRANK IS THE OWNER OF THIS LITTLE HOUSE IN THE HINTERLAND, AND HE HAD PLANNED TO SPEND A QUIET WEEKEND BY HIMSELF, READING AND BASKING IN THE SUN.

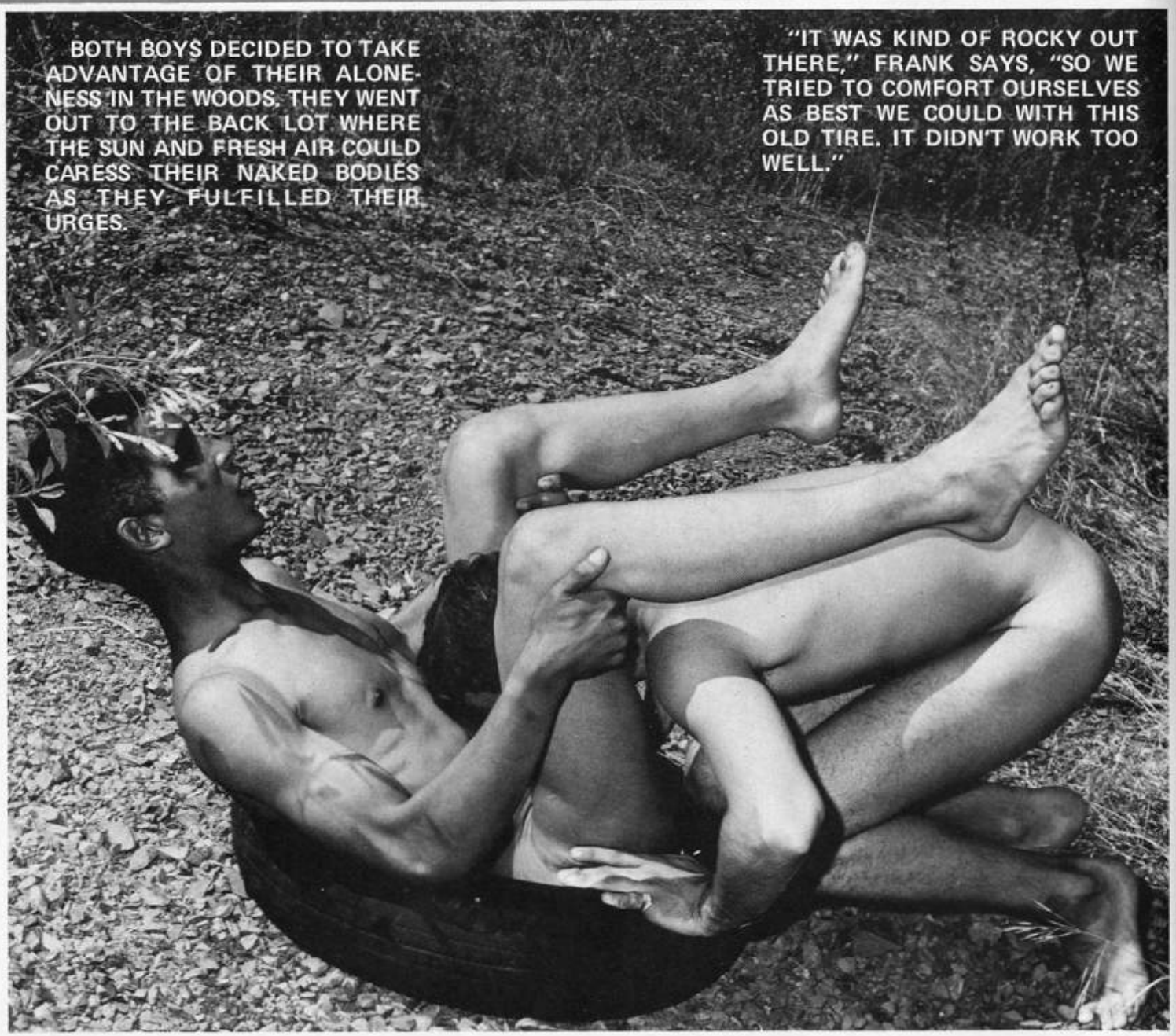




BUT HIS PLANS WENT SOMEWHAT AWRY LAST NIGHT, WHEN, DURING A RAINSTORM, HE FOUND THAT HIS ROOF LEAKED. HE CALLED A REPAIRMAN IMMEDIATELY, AND WHEN SAM ARRIVED, THE FUN STARTED.

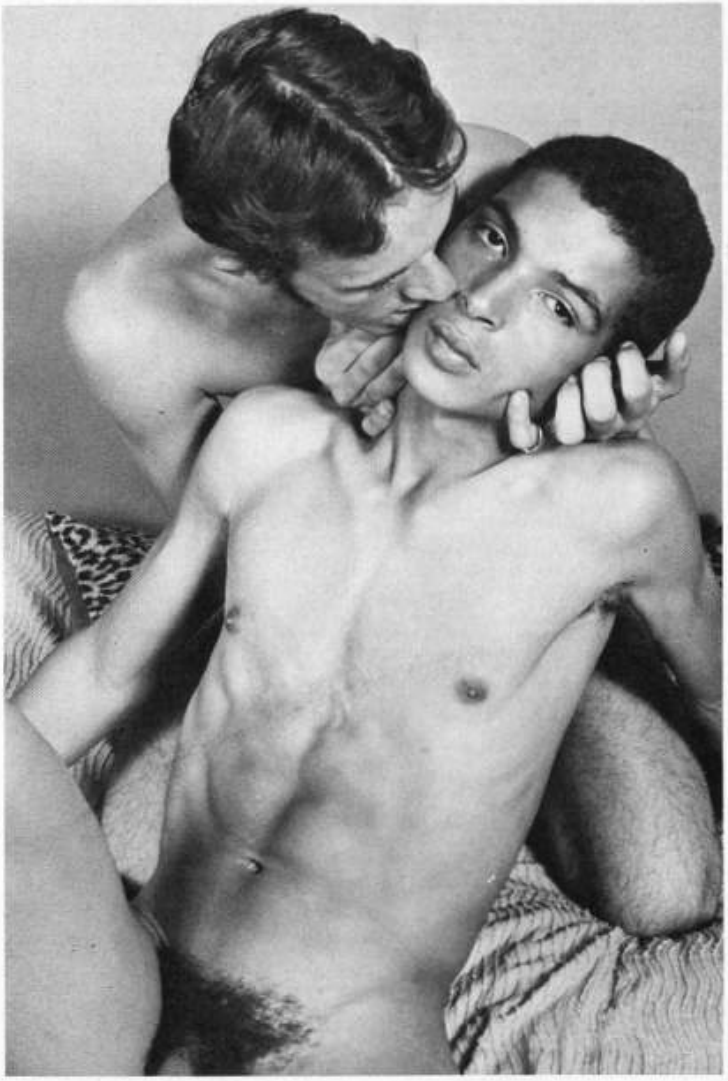
FRANK IS THE TYPE OF GUY WHO OFTEN GETS A VERY POWERFUL URGE TO MAKE IT WITH CERTAIN GUYS, AND AT FIRST SIGHT, HE KNEW SAM, THE ROOFER, WAS A GUY HE COULD REALLY DIG.

HE ONLY WAITED LONG ENOUGH FOR SAM TO REPAIR THE LEAK ON HIS ROOF BEFORE HE GAVE HIS URGE FREE REIN. IN FACT, HE MET SAM COMING DOWN OFF THE ROOF.

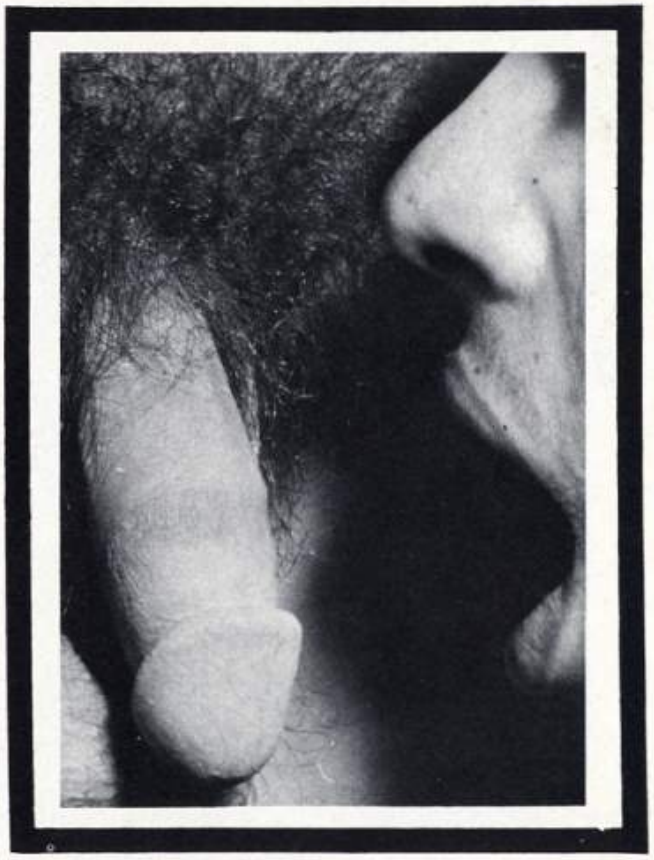

BOTH BOYS DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR ALONENESS IN THE WOODS. THEY WENT OUT TO THE BACK LOT WHERE THE SUN AND FRESH AIR COULD CARESS THEIR NAKED BODIES AS THEY FULFILLED THEIR URGES.
"IT WAS KIND OF ROCKY OUT THERE," FRANK SAYS, "SO WE TRIED TO COMFORT OURSELVES AS BEST WE COULD WITH THIS OLD TIRE. IT DIDN'T WORK TOO WELL."

DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO INDULGE THEIR EROTIC INCLINATIONS IN AN ALFRESCO ENVIRONMENT, FRANK AND SAM DECIDED TO GO BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

FRANK WAS NEVER KNOWN AS A MASTER OF INNUENDO OR SUBTLETY. WHEN HE WANTS SOMETHING, HE GOES DIRECTLY AFTER IT. AND FRANK DEFINITELY WANTED SAM.



"OUTDOOR SEX IS FINE FOR COUNTRY BOYS, MAYBE," FRANK SAYS, "BUT FOR ME THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE SOFT BED IN AN AIR-CONDITIONED ROOM TO FULFILL AN URGE LIKE MINE."

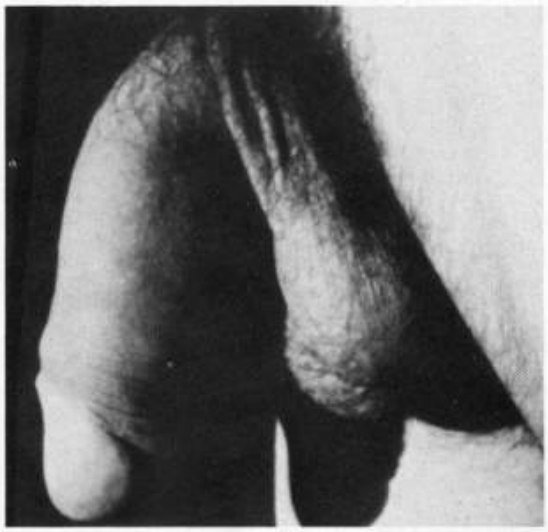


LOVE IN A TREE

" They Groove On The 'Natural' Way Of Life "

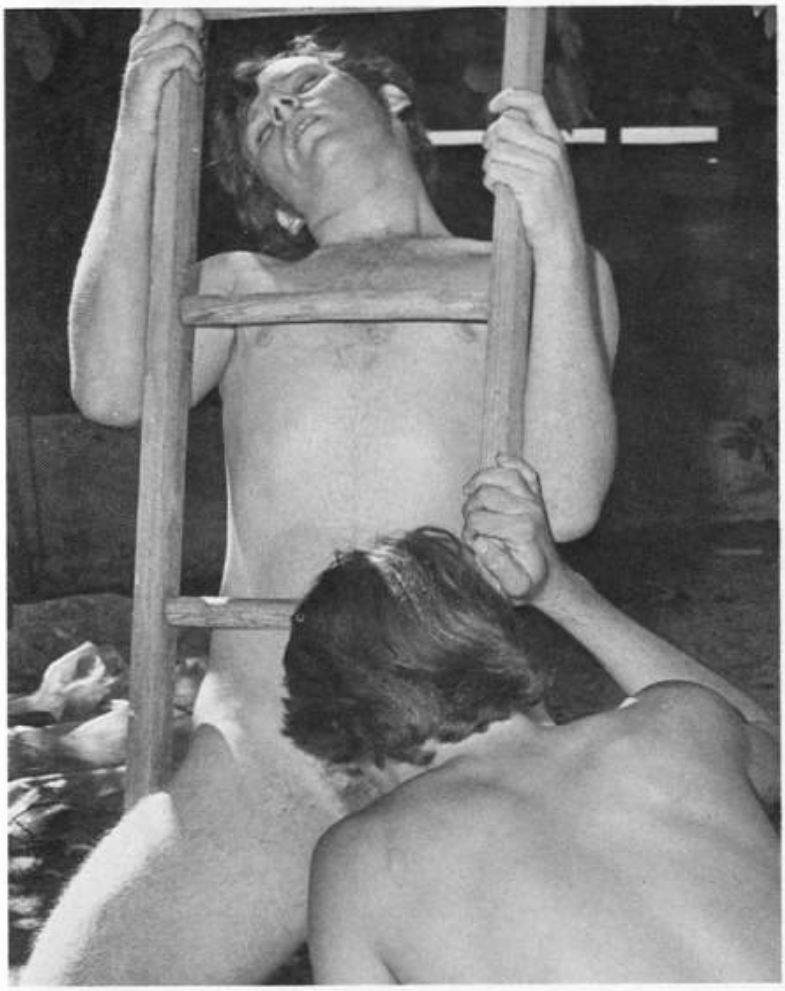
ARLO AND LARRY LOVE THE GREAT OUTDOORS. THEY GROOVE ON THE "NATURAL" WAY OF LIFE. IN THEIR BACK-YARD, THEY OFTEN DOFF THEIR DUDS AND ENJOY THE GRASS AND TREES IN THE BUFF.

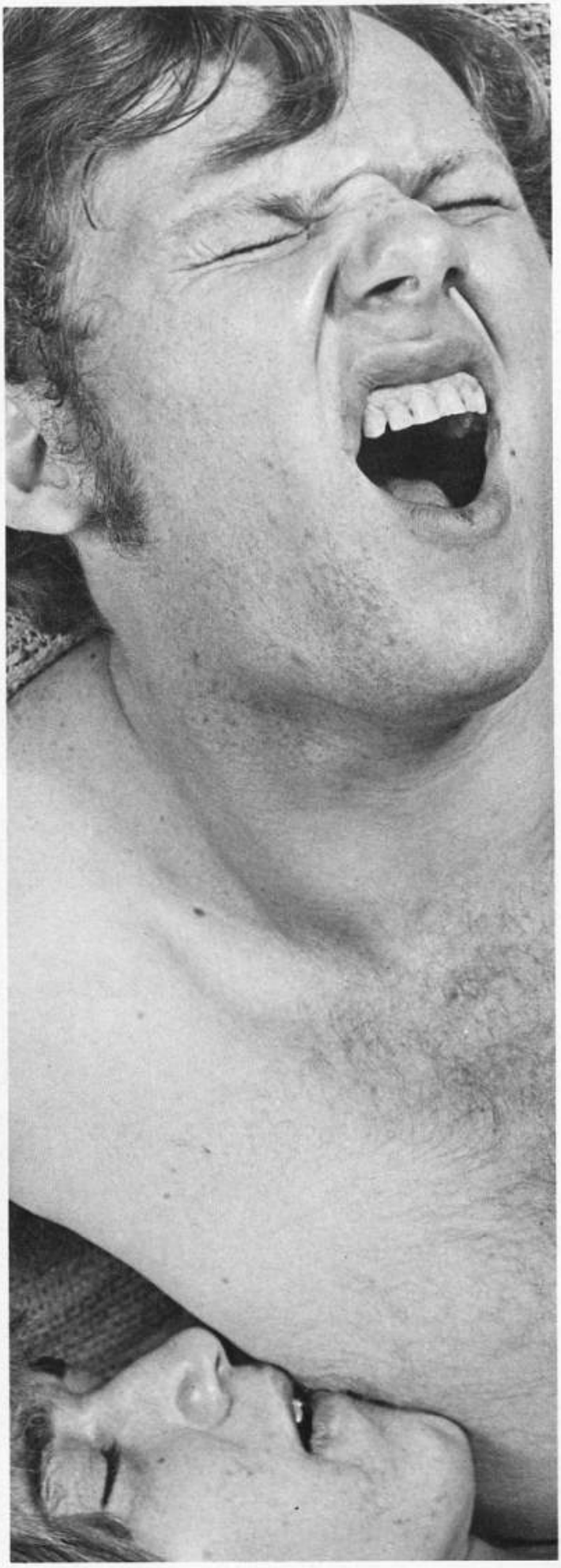
THIS DAY FINDS THEM SEEKING OUT THE PRIVACY OF A PLATFORM THEY BUILT OUT OF BRANCHES IN THE BIGGEST TREE IN THE YARD. THERE THEY CAN GROOVE ON NATURE AND EACH OTHER.



THEIR YARD ISN'T AS PRIVATE AS THEY'D LIKE IT TO BE. AN APARTMENT HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN BUILT IN THE ADJOINING LOT. THERE USED TO BE A LOVELY WOODED AREA ACROSS THE FENCE.

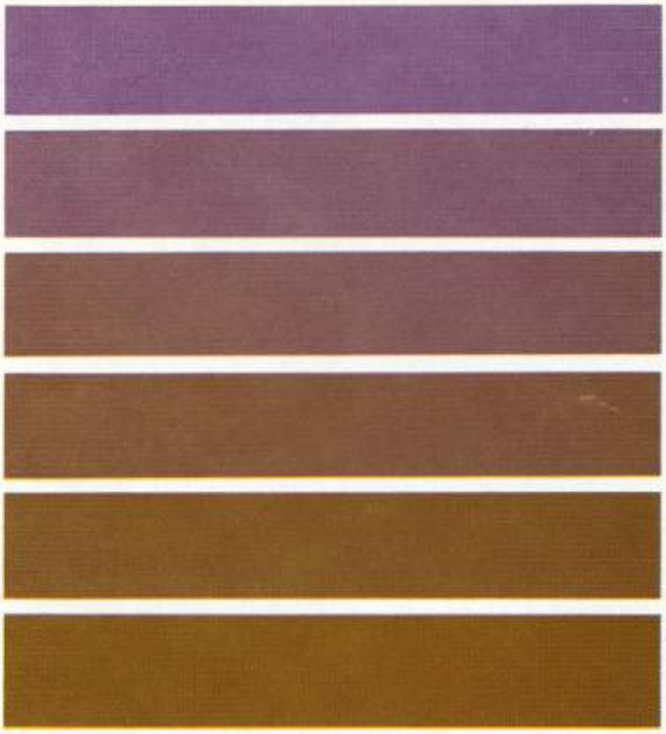
THAT MAKES IT DIFFICULT FOR THE LADS TO ROMP IN THE NUDE AS THEY LIKE TO DO. THEY GO OUT INTO THE YARD FULLY DRESSED. THEN THEY STRIP IN THE PROTECTION OF THE GREAT TREE.





WHEN THEY DO THAT, THERE ARE BOUND TO BE COMPLAINTS. THEY SIMPLY GO INSIDE THEN, ROMPING ABOUT IN THE NUDE ON THE BED IN LARRY'S WOOD-PANELLED BEDROOM.

IT'S NOT AS MUCH FUN AS DOING IT IN THE TREE, BUT IT GETS THE NEIGHBORS MUCH LESS UPTIGHT. THE LADS FIND IT POSSIBLE TO ENJOY LIFE AND EACH OTHER IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.



INSIDE, AS OUTSIDE, THEY BELIEVE IN DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY. SOME PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT, BUT THE BOYS JUST FEEL THAT THOSE FOLKS ARE DOWNRIGHT OLD-FASHIONED.

THEY ARE ENGAGING IN A BIT OF ROUGH-HOUSING RIGHT NOW. WRESTLING CAN BE FUN, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE IN THE NUDE. AND WITH SOMEONE YOU LIKE A GREAT DEAL.

INDOORS OR OUT, LARRY AND ARLO HAVE A BALL. THAT'S ALL THEY WANT TO GET OUT OF LIFE. FUN! WHO CAN BLAME THEM FOR THAT?

HOMOSEXUALITY
In Ancient Greece

Homosexuality is sometimes referred to as "The Greek Way." How accurate a name is this? What in fact were the ideas and practices of the ancient Greeks with regard to homosexuality? They were remarkable! Remarkable in their differences from our own notions and ways of doing things. The Greeks regarded homosexuality not only as normal, but as desirable.

About five hundred years before our era, in the small Greek state of Attica, there lived a group of men, whose thoughts and minds created philosophies which still inspire the world today. Yet if those men were alive today, they would very well be derided for their sexual acts. Many of the great thinkers of that day, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Thucydides, and others whose names have come down to us as the great minds, were homosexuals.

In the widely scattered places that constituted the Greek world, we find graffiti and poems dedicated to homosexual loves. This way of life was not condemned, but was viewed not only with tolerance, but as an established way of life. Every boy when he reached the beginning of his puberty, was supposed to be adopted by a mentor, who initiated him into sexual life and instructed him in sexual practices.

This practice was regulated by law, in that no noble youth could ever prostitute himself. Only ordinary citizens, or plebians, could do so. By prostituting himself, was meant the taking of money for his part in a sexual act. The patrician lad could, however, take a present or obtain other benefits from his act. Ordinary citizens, on the other hand, could take money for sexual acts, and the price of this was also regulated by law.

Generally, however, the relations between the boy lover and his mentor, was on a high plane, and many examples of this kind of love are apparent in the writings of the ancient Greeks. Some involved such great grief at the loss of the loved one that suicide was committed by the survivor.

It should be explained that the Greek theory of sex and life regarded beauty as everything. This included the beauty of the human body, especially the bodies of young boys and girls . . . but with

emphasis on boys. They represented the ideal of beauty in Greek thought. The most fundamental difference between the ancient and the modern culture is that the ancient is male-oriented to exclusivity.

Women only come into the scheme as mothers and managers of the household.

Antiquity treated the man, and the man only, as the focus of intellectual life. This explains why the bringing up and the development of girls was neglected in a way we can hardly understand. The boys on the other hand were supposed to continue their education much later than is the custom with us. The most peculiar custom, according to our ideas, was that every man attracted to him some boy or youth and in the intimacy of daily life, acted as his counselor, guardian, and friend, and prompted him in all the manly virtues.

So much was this the custom that it was considered a violation of duty by the man, if he did not draw one younger to him, and a disgrace to the boy if he was not honored by the friendship of a man. Thereby was developed in the man an understanding of the soul of the boy, and an almost unexampled zeal to scatter the seed of every thing good and noble in the young receptive hearts and to bring them as near as possible to the ideal of an excellent citizen.

In all Greek literature, youthful beauty is extolled as an esthetic pleasure. Solon wrote: "Oh most beautiful and charming of boys, stand before me and listen to a few words from me." Pindar, the famous Greek poet sings the praise of boyish beauty as follows: "King of youthful prime, harbinger of the divine desires of Aphrodite, thou that, resting on the eyes of maidens and of boys, bearest one in the hands of gentle destiny, but handlest another far otherwise—'tis sweet for one who hath not swerved from due measure in aught that he doeth, to be able to win a nobler prize of love."

Phoenecia was the place from which many boys were brought to Greece. Meleanger the Greek poet sings of several boys that he mentions by name, Diodorus, Dion, Thereon, Asclepiades, Uliades, and Myiscus, all of whom he knew. Callimachus another famous poet repining for the love of a boy who has gone away, writes of his sorrow. Philostratus and other writers of the period tell in turn of other Greek boys that they have loved.

According to the ancient conception, love is nothing but the longing for the beautiful and so, after all, it is by no means surprising if the sensual love of the Greeks was also directed toward the boys and that they sought and found in intercourse with them community of soul. There was added to the ideal of beauty the richer and more highly developed intellectual talents of the boys, which made rational conversation possible, where girls and a man could only have jested. Thus the Greeks took refuge in their trusted sexual companions, not only a social sense but an intellectual one. The old Greek love of boys appears to us modern men as an insoluble riddle, but it can be proved from the history of the Greek love of boys and its expression in literature, that it was the most important and influential supporters of Greek culture who held the most decidedly homosexual opinions.

We are indebted more to their heroic lovers than to mankind's most glorious art for Europe's freedom and the complete destruction of the Persian despotism. Any attack on the love of boys in this period would have acted with destructive effect.

The essence of Greek thought on homosexuality is contained in the ideal of beauty as enunciated by Socrates in his discourse with Diotima in the writing, "The Symposium," by Plato. He says, summing up the nature of love: "The true order going or being lead by another, by the things of love is to begin first from the earthy things and then mount upward for the sake of that other beauty, using these as steps only, and from one going on to two, and from two to all other fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair ideas, and from fair ideas he arrives at the notion of beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is. This, my dear Socrates, said Diotima, who was the one from whom I first learned the art of love, is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute, a beauty which if you once beheld, you would not to be wealth, fine garments, young and beautiful boys and youths, whose presence now entrances you, and you and many a one would be content to live seeing them only and conversing with them without meat or drink, if that were possible—you only want to look at them and be with them. Remember how in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he has hold not of an image but of reality) and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if that is possible to man. Would that be an ignoble life? Sucy, Phaedrus—and I speak not only to you, but to all of you—were the words of Diotima. I am persuaded of the truth of her words. And the words I have spoken to you, my love Phaedrus, you may call an encomium of love, or anything else which you please.

"This is the priviledge of beauty, that being the loveliest she is the most palpable to sight. Now he who is not newly initiated or who has become corrupted, does not easily rise out of this world to the sight of true beauty in the other; and instead of being awed at the sight of true beauty, he is given over to pleasure and like a brutish beast he rushes on to enjoy and beget; he consorts with wantoness, and is not afraid or ashamed of pursuing pleasure in violation of nature. But he whose initiation is recent, and who has been spectator of many glories in the other world, is amazed when he sees anyone who has a godlike face or form, which is the expression of divine beauty, and at first a shudder

runs through him, and again the old awe steals over him, then looking upon the face of his beloved as of a god, he reverences him, and if he were not afraid of being thought a downright madman, he would sacrifice to the beloved as to a god, then while he gazes upon him there is a sort of reaction, and a shudder passes into an unusual heat and perspiration; for, as he receives the effluence of beauty through the eyes, and during this process the whole soul is all in a state of ebulliation.

"And this is the sweetest of all pleasures at the time, and is the reason why the soul of the lover will never forsake his beautiful one, whom he esteems above all others. You may believe this, but not unless you like. But at any rate this is the loves of lovers and their causes are such as I have described. Thus great are heavenly blessings which the friendship of a lover will confer upon you, my youth."

This aspect of sex life did not, of course, preclude a heterosexual sex life.

As always, women were valued as sexual companions, but the place of women in Greek society was restricted to their role as housewife. On the other hand, women often rose as courtesans to great heights in society, due to their ability to entertain men by their wit and charm, or their intelligence. Throughout the entire Grecian period, the cult of beauty was predominant, young and beautiful boys, or girls or beautiful women were always admired and considered desirable. At times the ordinary housewife became a heroine in times of war and followed the tradition of the Amazons, women warriors of an earlier period. For this reason the Greeks had a conception of the interchangeability of the sexes which was a part of the sexual mythology of the race and influenced the ideas of the Greeks in regard to physical beauty.

Slim beautiful bodies were always the ideal of the Greeks instead of the Oriental idea of fatty, voluptuous, bodies with big hips, big bellies, pendulant breasts and corpulence. They inherited this type of beauty from their Cretan antecedents, in which this type is so clearly shown as athletic, even to the extent of being acrobatic bull fighters or bull baiters.

At Knossos, the pictures painted on the walls, in which the young people look much as today, it is difficult to tell boy from girl. The ideal of beauty in either case was a lithe young body.

There was no dividing line between the homosexual or heterosexual approach to beauty. The Greek notions about homosexuality spring from the importance they attached to beauty in their philosophical scheme of things. Beauty of a certain sort, whether male or female, led them to a notion of ideal love which could have as its object either a male or a female.

Homosexuality, therefore, was an expression of ideal love.

Red-figure cup. Peithinos. (*Berlin, Stiftung Staatliche Kulturbesitz.*)

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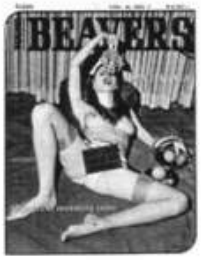

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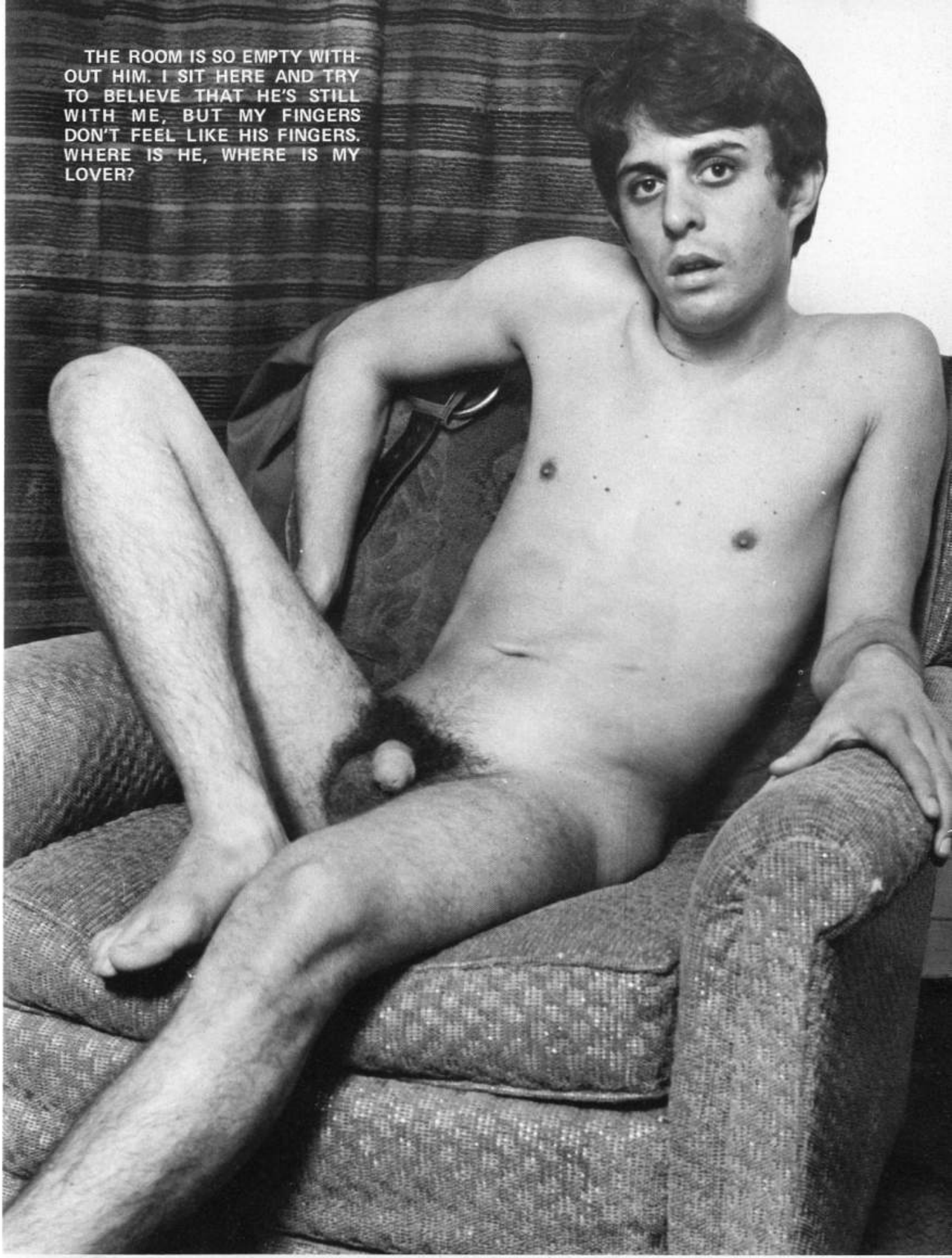
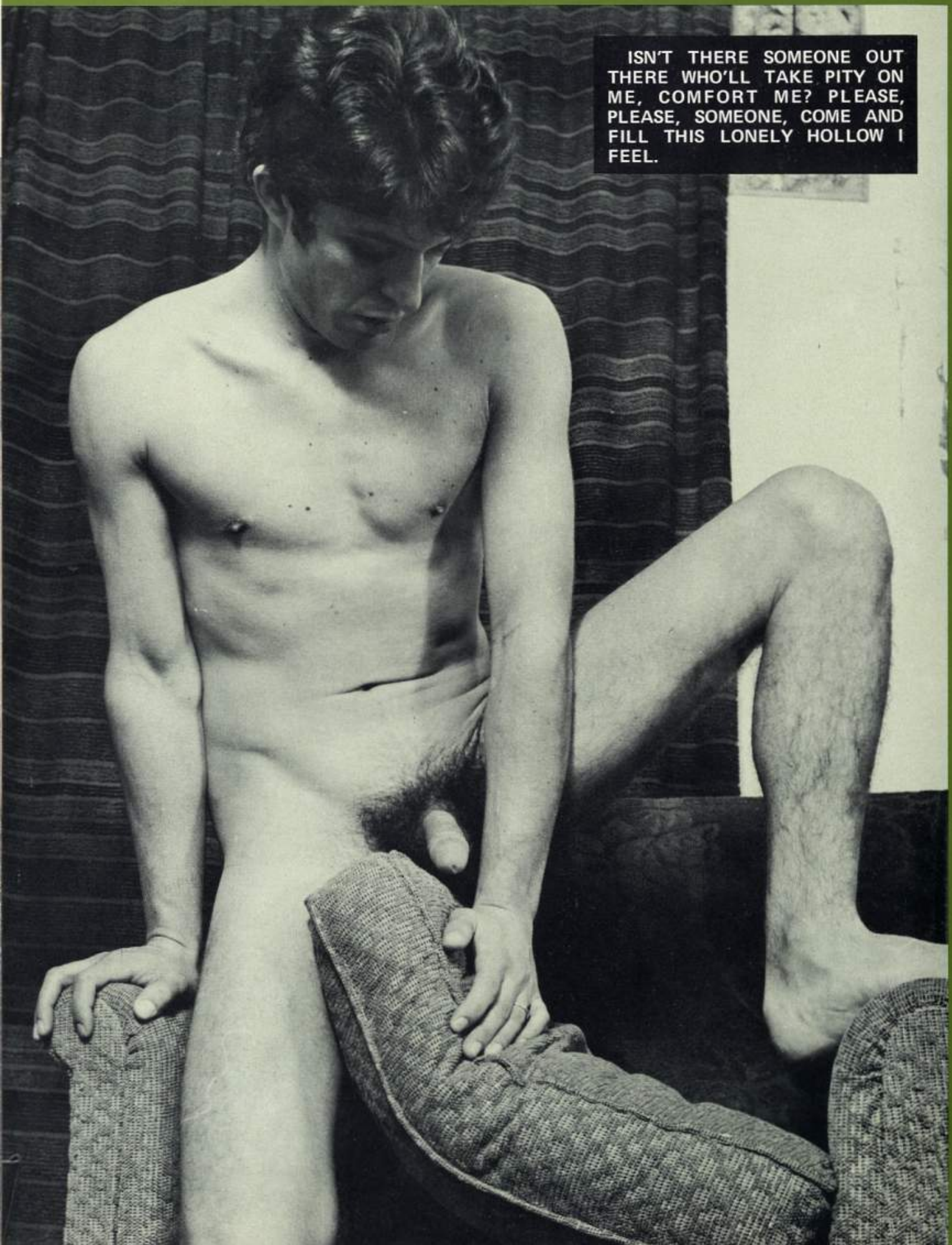
Alone and Blue

I'M SO LONELY TONIGHT. HAL HAS LEFT ME, FINALLY LEFT ME. NOW I'M ALONE, NO ONE TO TALK WITH, NO ONE TO LOVE WITH. WHAT AM I TO DO?


THE ROOM IS SO EMPTY WITHOUT HIM. I SIT HERE AND TRY TO BELIEVE THAT HE'S STILL WITH ME, BUT MY FINGERS DON'T FEEL LIKE HIS FINGERS. WHERE IS HE, WHERE IS MY LOVER?


ISN'T THERE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO'LL TAKE PITY ON ME, COMFORT ME? PLEASE, PLEASE, SOMEONE, COME AND FILL THIS LONELY HOLLOW I FEEL.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN IN THE PARK

Kathy lost her voice when she was nine years old.

Her brother, Rodney, became a waxen catatonic when he was seven.

Both children suffered from the same traumatic experience, a single event that occurred on a sweltering summer afternoon in Vibre's Park. They had been playing marbles in a small, coolly-shaded clearing near the park's lagoon.

Rodney had been winning, as usual. But for the first time Kathy had the distinct feeling he was cheating. Inevitably, when it came his turn to shoot a marble out of the ring they had drawn in the dirt, Rodney would suddenly see something of incredible interest, point in some direction and exclaim, "Hey, Kath, look! A man just fell out of that airplane!" or "Christ, a flying goddamned saucer!" or, in a frantic whisper, *"A werewolf, Kath, behind you!"*

It was not so much the ungodly subjects of each exclamation that made Kathy a dupe over and over again as it was the emphatic sincerity of his voice. Naturally, after having seen no man falling from an airplane or flying saucer or werewolf, Kathy would look back at her brother in time to see him pocketing the marble he claimed to have shot out of the ring. Rodney's ready answer to her skeptical glare was either, "You must've missed it," or "Well, that's what I *thought* I saw."

After losing at least five marbles this way, Kathy's intelligence had been sufficiently insulted to arouse her suspicions, and she privately vowed to foil her young adversary.

When it came his turn to shoot again, Rodney pointed and exclaimed, "A man with poison fangs on yonder bench!"

Still, at her naive age, involuntarily gullible, Kathy could not resist a quick glance in the direction Rodney pointed—and was surprised to see a middle-aged man in a bulky tan sport coat grinning back at her from a bench about thirty feet away. But, his grin revealed no fangs—poison or otherwise, and Kathy managed to look back in time to see her brother snatch a marble out of the center of the ring.

In a flash Rodney pocketed the marble and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well, I *thought* I saw—" he began.

"Cheater!" Kathy screamed.

She started toward him. Rodney took several steps backwards, then looked up at the treetops, frantically scanning them, as if seeking the aid of one of his fantasies.

"Wait a minute there!" a voice called. "Wait a minute!"

Kathy and Rodney stopped and turned toward the man sitting on the bench at the edge of the clearing.

"Let's not squabble over one marble," the man said. "I've got *two whole bags* of marbles here!"

To support his claim the man produced two bags of marbles from each pocket of his sport coat.

Kathy and Rodney looked at each other as if to weigh the implications of approaching this third party.

"Well," explained Rodney, "I *thought* he had poison fangs."

"Cheater," Kathy whispered. "Actually, *I* am entitled to *both* bags after what I caught you doing."

"Hah!" Rodney retorted.

And, together, shoulder to shoulder, they approached the strange man to collect his offerings. But, when they reached up for the bags, the man recoiled, feigning shock at their unseemly aggressiveness.

"Not so fast there," he said. "Didn't you ever learn that some things have to be *earned?*" He dropped the bags back into his pockets.

"Sure," Rodney assured the man.

"Sure," the man mimicked. "And *you!* A fine little gentleman *you* are. Taking advantage of this pure and innocent fair-haired maiden, this delicate paragon of unlearned, unblemished virtue, this

sylph-like lass with the golden tresses! *Shame!*"

Rodney blinked up at the beard-stubbled man in utter bewilderment, then looked at Kathy. "You mean *her*?" he asked incredulously.

The man rolled his eyes aloft in mock dismay. "No matter," he said, "no matter. The world is replete with such inexplicable inequities. My only hope is that you both become prepared to confront them on such an innocuous scale as—marbles. Bless you both."

With that, he laughed, showing gaping, nicotine-stained teeth.

"Well," Kathy said, "what do you want us to do to earn the marbles?"

The man smiled at her. "Ah, the candor of youth," he said. "I shall attempt to answer your ingenuous question, my little water-sprite, in an equally single-minded manner."

The man reached inside his coat then, and touched his belt buckle. But he stopped. He looked at Kathy and gave a trembling smile. She smiled back, puzzled. Then the man unbuckled the belt at his waist and unzipped his fly. He reached inside the opening, and, with some difficulty pulled out the long, erect shaft of his manhood. The ruddy member stood straight and rigid, fully exposed before the children, pointing up at the treetops.

"Keeee-rist!" Rodney shouted. "What's that?"

"Not so loud," the man warned. He looked around furtively, then spoke to Kathy as though she had asked the question. "You've never seen one of these?" he asked.

Kathy shook her head. "I don't have one."

It was at that very moment that Kathy saw a movement out of the corner of her eye. It was off to her right, on the far side of the clearing. But her attention was so taken up by the man and his tremendous erection that she only gave a quick glance at the elderly woman walking a gray poodle. Even in a single glance, though, Kathy was able to discern a look of shock and outrage on the old woman's face, before she quickly disappeared into the bushes again.

The man on the bench obviously did not see the old woman, for he continued on.

"I know you don't have one," he said to Kathy. "But you have something even more special." He nodded toward Rodney. "*He* has one."

"Yeah, but not like that!" Rodney said. "Jesus. Hey, what about the marbles?"

The man frowned at Rodney circumspectly, then looked at Kathy. His voice quavered when he spoke. "Okay, all you have to do to earn the marbles is to make Charlie here *sneeze*. You'll know when he sneezes because some white stuff will come out of this little slit here." He pointed at the slit-like meatus at the tip of his member. "Here," he said to Kathy, "put your fingers around Charlie."

Slowly, hesitantly, Kathy reached forward and touched the huge, blood-gorged organ. She drew back instantly, shocked at the heat of it.

"Why don't you just hand Charlie to me?" she asked.

The man looked up, stunned. "What?"

"Just take him out and hand him to me," Kathy repeated. "Can't you do that?"

The man roared with delight, but when he heard Rodney also laugh, and saw an injured look cloud Kathy's features, he stopped.

"I can't," the man explained patiently. "You see, Charlie's *connected* to me."

Kathy pondered this a moment, then reached again, this time wrapping her small fingers around the pulsing shaft. Her middle finger was at least an inch from touching her thumb. She looked up at the man and smiled. "It's quite hot," she observed.

She squeezed Charlie tightly. The man shuddered with pleasure.

"Now," he said, "now move your hand up and down, and soon Charlie will sneeze, and you can have the marbles."

Kathy did as she was told, moving her hand up and down the silky length of his penis. She seemed to know instinctively to move her hand slowly, rather than in a childishly impatient motion. She was surprised to feel the organ grow even thicker under her caresses. She heard the man mumbling something, but she was now too fascinated by the growing thing in her hand to pay any attention. Her small hand moved quickly, in long fluent strokes, from the polished red nut down to the black nest of pubic hairs inside the man's fly.

Above her she heard the man grunt, "H-harder, m-my pet."

Kathy moved in closer to better accommodate the unwieldy tool. Kneeling on the ground between the man's knees, she grabbed hold with both hands, but even with this strangle-hold her fingers barely wrapped around the throbbing pillar. Now profoundly awe-struck by her new, somehow more intimate vantage, Kathy began her two-handed stroking motion with industrious abandon, sensing by some innate sixth sense a prodigious crescendo.

The man's breath now came in short, rasping gasps. His eyes were glazed and narrowed with an ecstatic madness as he watched Kathy manipulate his bursting organ.

Suddenly his member seemed to acquire an independent tenseness of its own, swelling to an even greater thickness, almost wrenching itself loose from Kathy's grasp.

Seeing the monstrous thing poised like this, Kathy became so fascinated that she stopped her stroking to gaze at it in awe.

The man moaned deep in his throat. "Oh,

please," he pleaded, "*please* don't stop now, my little nymphet!"

Then, from behind, Kathy heard Rodney suddenly exclaim, "*Keeee-rist!*"

Kathy turned to see Rodney pointing at the man's face.

"What?" Kathy demanded.

Rodney's eyes were wide with terror. "Look at 'im!" Rodney shouted. "He really *has* got fangs!"

Kathy looked up at the man's face and was indeed alarmed at the incredible change that had come over it. The man had turned a ghastly pale. His taut face muscles had skewered his features into a hideous expression, and the veins in his neck and forehead stood out like thick blue cords under his skin. Kathy felt something move in her hand then, and looked down to see the man's penis go suddenly limp. She jerked her hand away from it, as though it had become electrically charged, and sprang to her feet.

As she backed away from the man on the bench to join her brother, Kathy noticed the most frightening aspect of all about the man.

His *eyes*. The man wasn't even *looking* at them anymore. He was looking *behind* them, and his eyes were wide with fright.

Still without looking at them, the man whispered in a quavering voice, "C-children, I–I want you both to get away from me now. *Please!*" Kathy noticed that his lips trembled as he spoke. "I–I want you to turn around and run away from me, and I don't want you to look back. Okay? For God's sake don't look back!"

"What about our marbles?" Kathy said, regaining some of her courage.

The man looked at her in amazement. Then a smile touched his pale lips briefly.

"I'll–I'll give them to you later, okay?"

"No!" Kathy said petulantly. "Now!"

Then a voice rang out from behind them.

"Get away from that sonofabitch, children!"

Kathy and Rodney both turned around. There were seven policemen, arranged in a skirmish on the inside of the clearing, standing about five feet apart. Three of them had rifles aiming directly at the man on the bench, the other four had revolvers in their hands, also poised and ready. Behind the skirmish of policemen, Kathy noticed the old woman she had seen earlier, crouching behind some bushes, holding her gray poodle close to her bosom.

Kathy turned back to the man on the bench.

"We want our marbles!" she demanded.

"*Please!*" the man begged.

"Marbles!" Kathy said.

"Marbles!" Rodney echoed.

The man looked at them closely, his eyes frantic, hysterical.

"You filthy bastard!" one of the policemen yelled. *"Let those kids go!"*

Bewilderment and pathos mingled in the man's eyes as he looked at the police skirmish, and then back at Kathy and Rodney.

"I'll give you your marbles," the man murmured, "if you promise to leave, and not to look *back* at me. Okay?"

Kathy and Rodney nodded.

The man reached into the side pockets of his sport coat.

"He's going for a gun!" a policeman shouted.

"Blast the sonofabitch!"

And then it happened. There was a tremendous series of explosions all around Kathy and Rodney. The small clearing was filled with a deafening roar of staccato bursts from the policemen's weapons.

The man on the bench had the bags of marbles partially out of each pocket when the first series of bullets struck him. Kathy and Rodney, petrified by the raucous clatter around them, saw the man jerk about violently on the bench, heard the rapid *thunk, thunk, thunk,* as the bullets slugged into him. The man watched the children with pleading eyes. He raised the bags of marbles toward them, as if in supplication.

And then Kathy and Rodney saw a piece of the man's head fly away. They mentally recorded the rush of blood that swept down over his face, the eye that disappeared under the impact of another bullet. They saw and recorded it all, at a distance of five feet, close enough that splashes of blood stained their faces and clothes. They remembered it all in vivid slow-motion–the man's body reeling backwards on the bench, still jerking and twisting under the plummeting bullets, his arms flailing the air, the bags of marbles still clutched tightly in his fists. Falling, back, back, back–until he was lying on the ground on the other side of the bench–a lifeless, twitching mass of bloody pulp.

And then it was quiet.

Kathy lost her voice over this event. She is twenty years old now, and she has not spoken a word since that day in Vibre's Park.

Rodney is eighteen. He is pale, thin, emaciated, and spends most of his time in his room, sitting on the edge of his box of toys, staring, hour after hour, at the wall.

The parents of Rodney and Kathy know why their children are no longer normal. Their friends and relatives, and most people who still remember the episode in Vibre's Park, know also why Rodney and Kathy are abnormal. Just ask them. They tell you.

It was because of that dirty old man in the park, exposing himself and forcing the children to touch that nasty thing. That's what did it. ■■■■■■■■

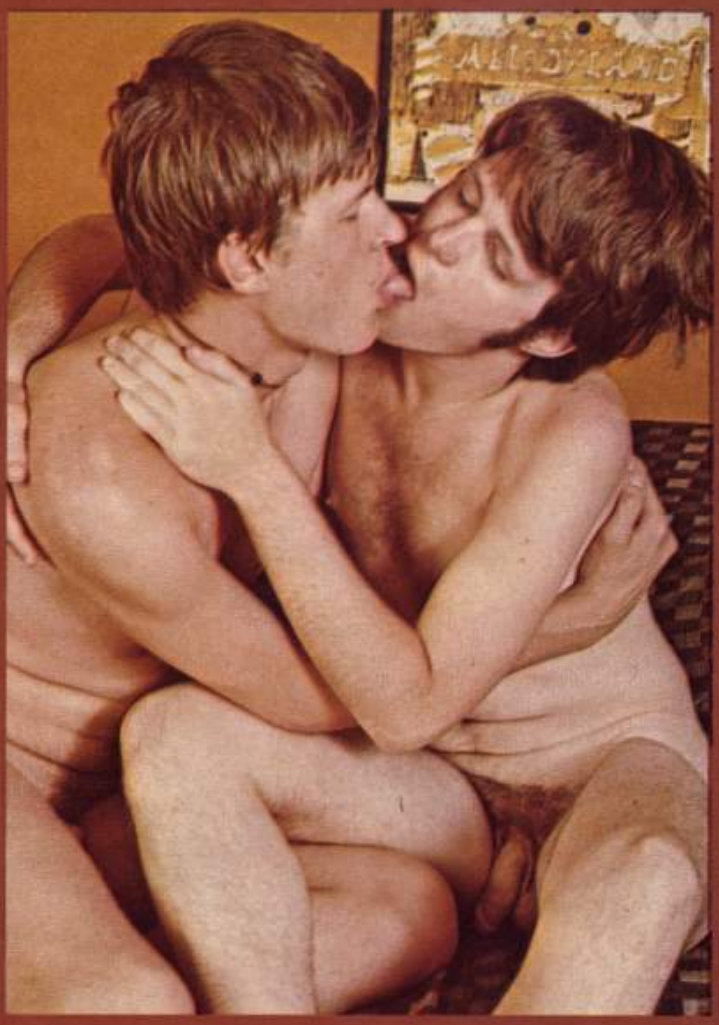
SOLDIER BOY

PETER'S BASIC TRAINING FOR THE ARMY IS OVER. NOW HE'S GOT TWO WEEKS' LEAVE BEFORE HE GETS HIS FIRST POSTING. HE'S JUST A SOLDIER-BOY ON THE LOOSE, LOOKING FOR SOME FUN.

HE DOESN'T HAVE A MATCH, SO BRUCE KINDLY SUPPLIES ONE. IT TURNS OUT THAT PETER HAS NOWHERE TO GO ON HIS LEAVE, SO BRUCE KINDLY INVITES HIM BACK TO HIS HOUSE.

IN BRUCE'S OPINION PETER'S BASIC TRAINING HASN'T EVEN BEGUN YET. HE FEELS THAT IT'S UP TO HIM TO SHOW PETER THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY OF DOING THINGS.

SARGE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS BACK AT CAMP, WAS HE, PETE? WELL, COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE HE WAS. AFTER ALL, PETER'S A REAL PRETTY-LOOKING BOY.



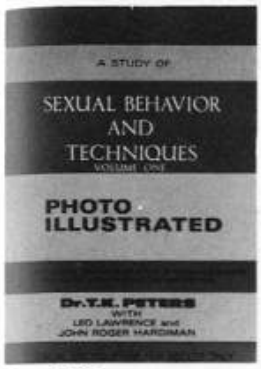
PETER'S A QUICK LEARNER, AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BRUCE WILL HAVE ANY NEED TO CONFINE HIM TO BARRACKS. MIND YOU, IN OUR OPINION IT DOESN'T SEEM AS THOUGH PETER HAS ANY DESIRE TO LEAVE.

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO LEARN. IN THIS CASE BRUCE IS GIVING THE ORDERS, AND PETER SEEMS MORE THAN WILLING TO CARRY THEM OUT.

IT'S EASY, ISN'T IT, PETER? IN THIS MAN'S ARMY YOU CAN'T GO FAR WRONG IF YOU FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTOR'S EVERY MOVE.

THIS SORT OF TRAINING IS SOMETHING PETER REALLY ENJOYS. IT SEEMS TO BE THE SORT OF THING HE CAN REALLY GET HIS TEETH INTO.

WELL, PETER, WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELF WITH BRUCE. THE WAY YOU'RE GETTING STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE CRUX OF THE MATTER, THE ARMY WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU.



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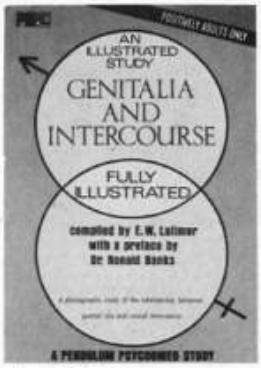

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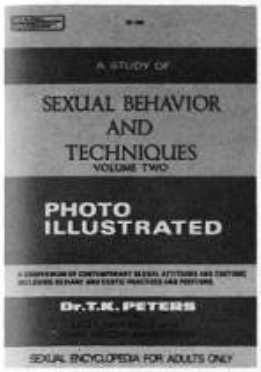

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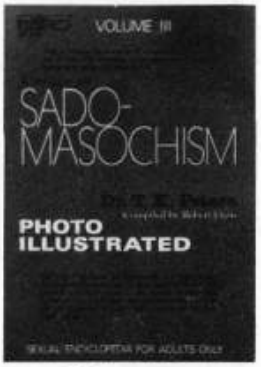

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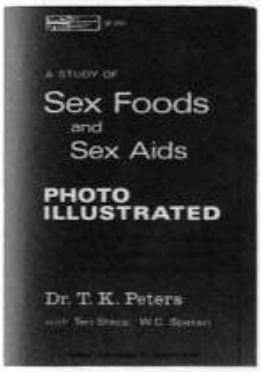

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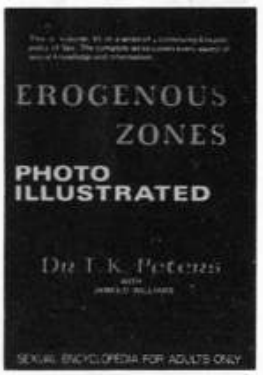

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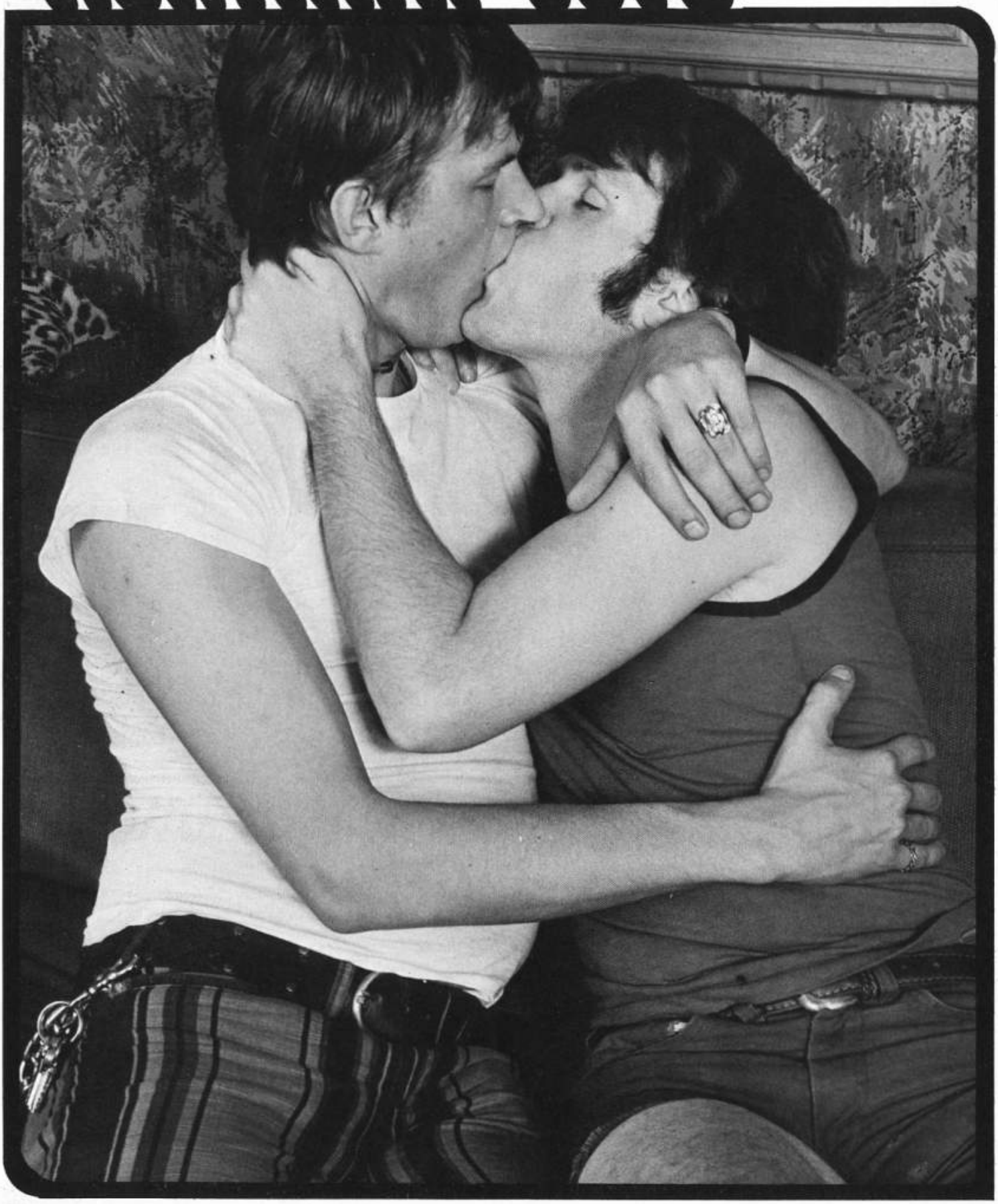
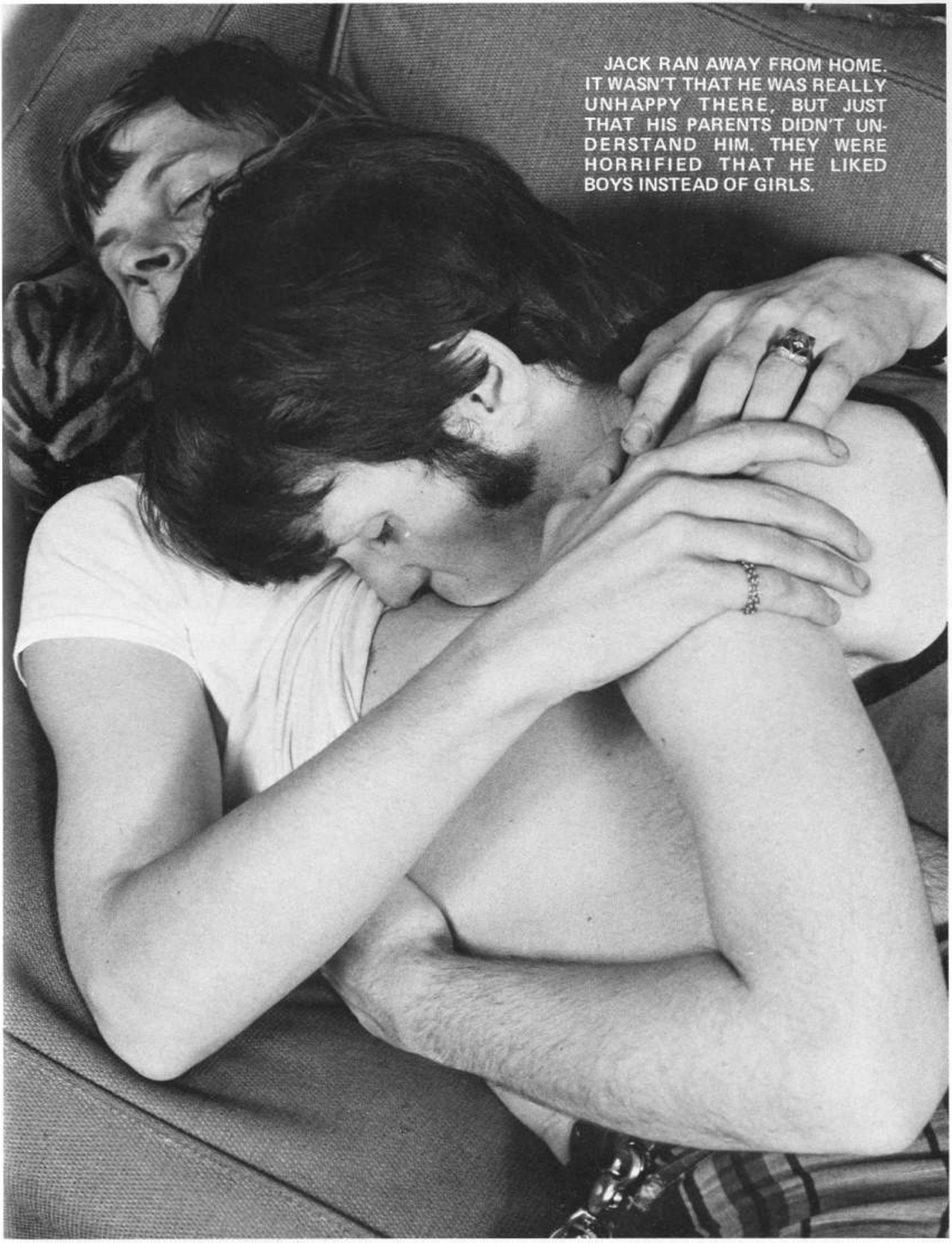
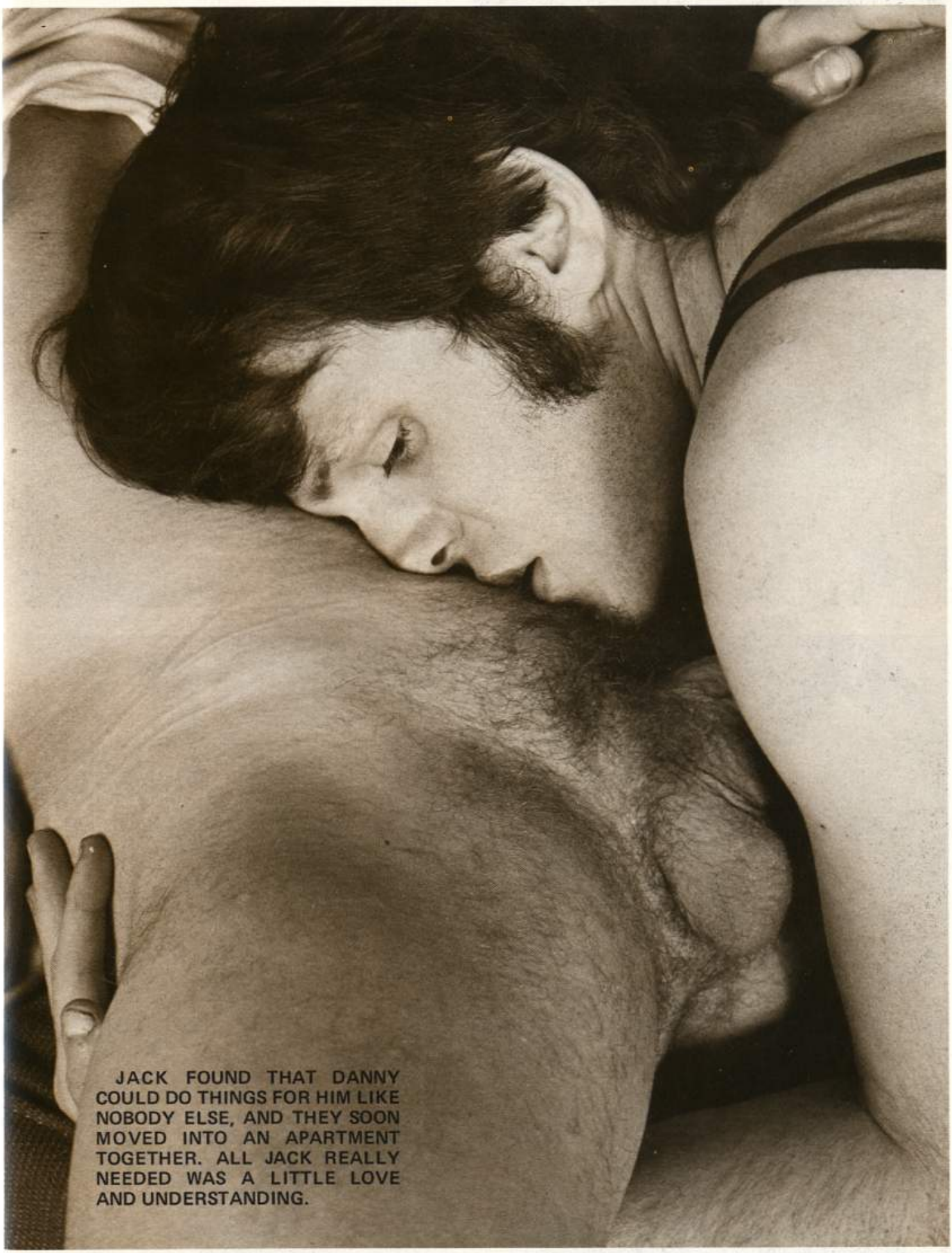
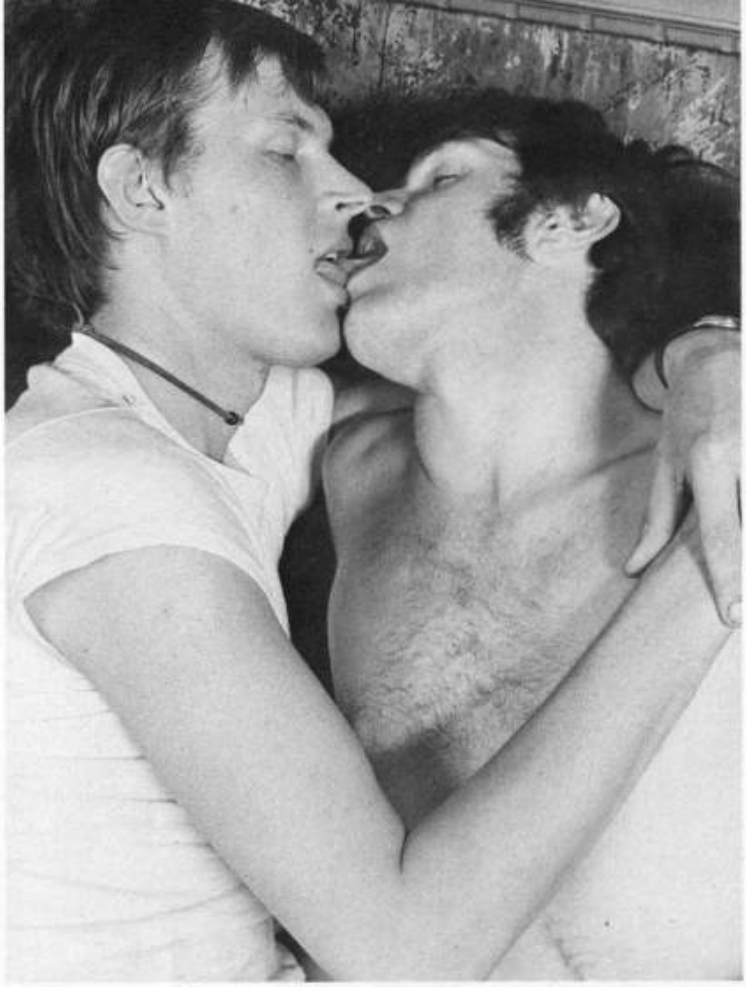



JACK RAN AWAY FROM HOME. IT WASN'T THAT HE WAS REALLY UNHAPPY THERE, BUT JUST THAT HIS PARENTS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM. THEY WERE HORRIFIED THAT HE LIKED BOYS INSTEAD OF GIRLS.

WHEN HE GOT TO NEW YORK, HE QUICKLY FOUND OTHERS LIKE HIM. HE MET DANNY IN A BAR, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE TWO BOYS WERE GOING STEADY.



JACK FOUND THAT DANNY COULD DO THINGS FOR HIM LIKE NOBODY ELSE, AND THEY SOON MOVED INTO AN APARTMENT TOGETHER. ALL JACK REALLY NEEDED WAS A LITTLE LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.



DANNY THINKS JACK OUGHT TO TRY AND MAKE IT UP WITH HIS FOLKS. JACK'S NOT SO SURE, ALTHOUGH HE'D LIKE THEM TO MEET HIS FUTURE LIFE PARTNER.

NOW THE BOYS SPEND ALL THEIR FREE TIME TOGETHER, THEY'RE THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED. THEY HEARD SOMEWHERE THAT THERE'S A PREACHER IN NEVADA WHO'LL MARRY COUPLES LIKE THEM.

"OF COURSE, IT'S NOT JUST PHYSICAL," JACK ALWAYS SAYS. HE FIGURES THAT HE AND DANNY UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'S NEEDS MUCH MORE THAN MOST NORMALLY MARRIED COUPLES.

OF COURSE, BOTH BOYS AGREE THAT SEX IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN ANY RELATIONSHIP, BUT IT GOES DEEPER THAN THAT. WE GUESS THAT YOU COULD SAY THEY JUST ENJOY BEING TOGETHER.

DANNY APPEARS TO KNOW JUST THE RIGHT PLACES TO TOUCH JACK TO GET HIM REALLY TURNED ON. MIND YOU, AS JACK SAYS, YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE TIME WITH ANY SEX SCENE. IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU CAN JUST JUMP INTO AND EXPECT IT TO BE PERFECT THE FIRST TIME.

JACK AND DANNY ARE BOTH VERY PATIENT AND GENTLE WITH EACH OTHER, TAKING THE TROUBLE TO REALLY GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER'S BODY.

AFTER ALL, THE TWO BOYS INTEND TO BE TOGETHER FOR A VERY LONG TIME. THEY HOPE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO ENJOY SEX WITH EACH OTHER FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.

ALL WE CAN DO IS WISH THE BOYS LUCK IN THEIR FUTURE LIFE TOGETHER. ALTHOUGH IT DOES SEEM TO US THAT THE HONEYMOON HAS ALREADY STARTED.

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